

(Continued)

1 War Song

2 Never Give In

I'm down at the Fountain that's flowing so
free,
There Jesus always is speaking to me,
While in Him I'm trusting I've nothing to
fear,
For by His spirit He always is near.

Sing !

COME soldiers brave and let us sing,
For Christ has set us free;
sing praises to our heavenly King,
And make the devil flee.

Calvary,
Where the "Substitute for sinners"

CHORUS.
Will you meet with them there,
All their glories to share ;
On the streets of bright Glory,
Will you meet with them there.

our hearts must be cleansed, and your robes clean and white ;

Though often you promised that you'd
ever abide,
In the love of your Saviour and walk by
His side :

There, all hail the power of Jesus' name!"

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS.

T. B. COMBES,
Commander.
Headquarters:
Salvation Temple,

10/11/1994, 09:22

UNIVERSITY, indeed proved an un-
rivalled success in

...of our work and motives with
unequalled praise and commendation.
There is no mean thing for which to be
useful, seeing how at one time the whole
of the Dominion was in a measure
ruined against us. From this, one thing
is clear, that under God, our
perseverance against all

s, and the fruits of our work have
to us the good will and approval

ed with our efforts for the future. It is true, we sadly confess, that in our main quarters amongst country editors we especially, there is still a disposition to judge us without mercy, and also that

main religious publications during

not talk. When she had been saved and was not any better speaking

thought of talking in Ser. She could not write a single letter, but she talked away. The wonder was she got it all! She could not get a book, or from the papers, or at any place anywhere. It seemed to come up from her heart as she sat in the dingy.

husband got very uncharacterized with
restored her, and told her she was

She spoke against her husband. It was

Now what had happened to her. Him j

What hotter use can you
find than to give them to lepers?

to settle it—to give up everything
in the way and cast yourself
at the foot of the Cross,
for you, is the day of Salvation.

de a real work. God is a God of
not of shame. God wants to do

now. I do believe. If do come to
rd. I do plead for Thee, Lord,
me what Thou art doing for

now? There may be difficulties | yon st

of Ceylon. Well, I did not accept the Indian Army wholesale because I

over saw doing this for religion? These must be a good sort of people, I would not believe them, be-
thought even all this might be
y these people to get proselytes.
out a fortnight, I kept on going
siders' quarters, simply to
h and see the lives of the

Officers;
then came on to the platform I

not believe then, but during that I kept watching their lives and I had many a time heard groans from the bedroom. The officers' consisted of only three rooms. As

and in one room you could hear dis- | bleedin

me to talk to you of what God has
done for the dark Indian, like me by the sea.

against go. Is the price too dear to
you, it is not. Don't listen to what
he tells you. Don't look at the diffi-
culty. The devil says, "You can never
be a saint; the hardship will never
leave you." Do not believe it; say

"Faith, mighty faith."

land and get these people saved." Himself into the hands of God, He you with the Holy Ghost; then and help us to bring the two and fifty millions of India to the

fest of Jesus. Amen.

1995

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THE GREAT Anglo-Indian Wedding or Commissioner Tucker and Miss Emma Booth.

Our Special Correspondent, STAFF-CAPT. GERRARD (Wash. Herald).

In answer to a timely invitation from the International Headquarters, your humble servant, at four o'clock on Saturday, April 7th, found himself en route for London. Leaving Manchester, the great cotton metropolis of the world, I found myself among the peaks of Derbyshire, travelling at a rate bewildering even to the most ardent of the "railway fiends." As I passed the beautiful hills, the deep ravines, the little patches of snow left on the mountain-sides as relics of Easter Christmas, then down through what already shows signs of being verdant meadows very shortly, with few agricultural prospects, I took up my pen as by natural impulse, to write, and perhaps the reader will kindly bear with me when I say that amongst the beautiful surroundings of my native land, after an absence of nearly three years, I almost felt a little touch of childhood inspiration.

Since my journey for some eight days now, in the old world, the tale in Army circles has been the great wedding of the East, between the Mother of the Training House and the Commissioner of India, or vice versa, according to the country's custom of putting things. Doubtless many of our Canadian readers are acquainted to some extent with our beloved country's history, and so know that in this case a multitude of witnesses in England and to her goodness and solid work.

The bridegroom, we need scarcely add, has become a universal favorite in the world over as an example of Christian humility and self-sacrifice, seldom found even in these days of rivalry in Christian graces. "Dear Miss Emma," as we are accustomed to her name amongst her girls, often kindly mentioned by them in circumstances of terrible battle with engaged in this deadly conflict with self and sin, has had a career of tenderness and usefulness.

"Life Links," a most little book, containing incidents from the life and warfare of Miss Booth and Commissioner Tucker, is almost worthy of being reproduced in the War Cry, was it not so long. The biographer says that from her earliest childhood Miss Booth's heart went out to the sufferings of humanity, and at the age of sixteen she commenced work among the children, a few of whom she tried to get into a little room and teach them lessons from the Bible, and lay down the plan of Salvation. Later on she began to teach some of the Christian Mission women, helping them in their studies as well as their spiritual education.

"You have helped those girls your own," said the General one day. "It would be a good thing if you could have a few at the same time with you."

She shrank inexpressibly at the thought as she was bent on spending her life for the children, but, nevertheless, that remark of the General led to the establishment of what Miss Booth took charge, and to the noble work of helping, teaching, and blessing "her girls" the nine subsequent years of her life have been faithfully devoted. To-day, 8,000 women, whose characters have been moulded under her lady influence, are now working throughout the world, preaching the Gospel of Christ, as divine ambassadors of Heaven.

Who has not heard something about Commissioner Tucker and his noble mission? Referring again to "Life Links," we find that the Commissioner was born at Mowbray, a town in Bengal, India, about 500 miles from Calcutta. In the first four years of his life the trouble broke out in Upper India, and little Frederick here had his share of massacres and bloodshed, but his own family escaped such a untimely end. Receiving his elementary education in India, he came to England,

and finished it at Cheltenham College. He then prepared for the Indian Civil Service, passing all the examinations, he was soon admitted thereto, and for the next four years held an honorable government position with a handsome annual emolument. While his heart and head were thus filled with worldly ambition, God spoke to his soul and he became fully converted, and immediately felt a burning desire to do something for the heathen millions of his adopted country. Despite the displeasure of the government he commenced holding meetings among the Hindus.

"Does not this mission work interfere with his standing as an officer, and prejudice the natives against him?" was the question asked by government authorities of his commissioners.

"Not at all! Government would be greatly benefited if it had more officers of the same stamp," was the answer.

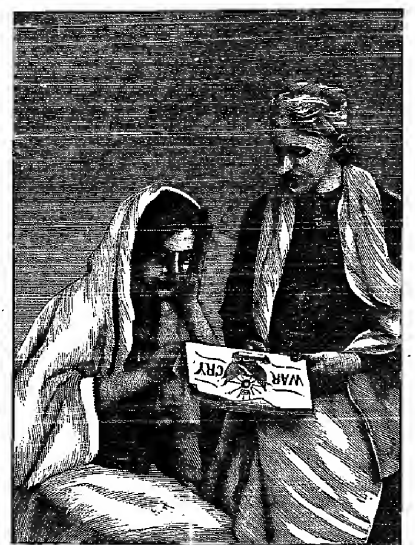
The hoping to give himself up entirely for the work of salvation among the natives gave upon him, and it was while he was reflecting upon the matter, and enquiring what least was to be done, that a strange journal called the War Cry was put into his hands. So much struck was he with

service, being very sympathetic to the Salvation first and service afterwards, and not as some people would like to have it—service first and service afterwards, but that acceptable service was a natural consequence of a thorough salvation.

The Commissioner very graciously described the ascent of the sinners from the hell of sin and the vortex of guilt, clanking the fetters of Satan with bleeding hands, struggling from the grasp of sin and condemnation. Several others followed with appropriate addresses.

The afternoon gathering, led by Major Mokie, was one of considerable power and interest. Among the principal participants was the Indian contingent, very similar to the one that visited Canada. There was a 700-ton man like Natesh Gopal; another was a long-statured personage after the fashion of a giant, to the tune of which, he danced with joy. There were also some female friends under the command of Staff-Captain Leet, formerly one of our Staff-Officers in South Wales. The meeting was edited by a blessed reading by Major Olinhart, and a powerful closing address by Major Mokie.

At night we had the pleasure of joining



COMMISSIONER TUCKER AND MISS BOOTH.

It was resolved to go to England and see the strange organization which is called the Training House. Arriving in England he went to an R. A. meeting, led by the great Congress Hall, where over 5,000 persons had already congregated. At 6.45, the audience joined in the favorite old song—

"We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy."

And as the singing mass blended their voices together in the line: "Say will you go to the Eden above?" our hearts were touched and God came in our minds. The first speaker to take his stand before this vast concourse was Colonel Dowdle, who held them in almost breathless silence. Then Commissioner Booth took the reins, after which followed song and prayer, short communications, exhortations, and an address by the French Colonel, Booth-Clifford, whose glowing appeal went to every heart.

At the close, ten precious souls went their way to the Saviour's feet. I then followed a "wild up" in which Major

Mokie indulged in a war dance with his native Indians, to the tune of—

"I'm a soldier and a warrior, I'm a soldier and a warrior, I'm a soldier and a warrior, I'm a soldier and a warrior."

During which, amid loud hurrahs and shouts of praise, the little Indian 700-ton man kissed the Canadian War Cry special affectionately, and to the Anglo-Indian wedding and dinner. It was a union of the Prig and the Trolly, and an evidence that brotherly love was not confined to latitudes and longitudes.

Monday's Meetings in St. James' Park.

The officers, soldiers and friends present an early appearance and made preparations for a big day. Among others were Commissioner Smith, Col. Dowdle, the Indian contingent and a host of dignitaries. The morning meeting opened with the first song from the special Sing Book, composed by La-Marche. This was offered by the General and a lady called the Marchioness and Col. Olinhart. The General's explanation about the early appearance was that he was in the Indian contingent and a host of dignitaries. The morning meeting opened with the first song from the special Sing Book, composed by La-Marche. This was offered by the General and a lady called the Marchioness and Col. Olinhart.

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When the General had concluded his address, Major Mokie took his stand and gave a most powerful address. He was even more enthusiastic than the General, and his address was a most powerful one. He was even more enthusiastic than the General, and his address was a most powerful one. He was even more enthusiastic than the General, and his address was a most powerful one. He was even more enthusiastic than the General, and his address was a most powerful one.

Monday Evening Meeting.

The General came in with military precision, and punctually seated by hand of influential army leaders.

The vast hall was fully occupied by the officers and gentlemen, and truly the appearance of the hall was very beautiful, especially when the Indian contingent went through a Salvation war song, for wonderful experiences followed, among them Major Mokie, who is a great man, and a Buddhist initiation salute.

The General made a very short speech, wishing that all captains of companies should be decorated.

The next speaker was once the leader of a band of thieves. He spoke so fast that the audience could hardly catch his words. He was a man of great power and interest, and his address was a most powerful one. He was a man of great power and interest, and his address was a most powerful one.

After the Indians, the General offered a most powerful address. He was a man of great power and interest, and his address was a most powerful one. He was a man of great power and interest, and his address was a most powerful one. He was a man of great power and interest, and his address was a most powerful one.

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own but Divine love his neighbor as

Commissioner Smith, who is somewhat of a soldier, sang a solo, after which he introduced Staff-Capt. Gerrard, who, in leading his troops, has been a most successful leader. He spoke of his own life, and of the work of the Training House, and of the work of the Indian contingent. He spoke of his own life, and of the work of the Training House, and of the work of the Indian contingent.

The General then spoke, and he spoke with a great deal of power and interest. He spoke of his own life, and of the work of the Training House, and of the work of the Indian contingent. He spoke of his own life, and of the work of the Training House, and of the work of the Indian contingent.

The Great Day.

At breakfast on Tuesday morning all the guests of the Congress Hall. The day was a most successful one, and the work of the Training House was a most powerful one. The day was a most successful one, and the work of the Training House was a most powerful one. The day was a most successful one, and the work of the Training House was a most powerful one.

The General called upon Mrs. Booth, who, in leading her troops, has been a most successful leader. She spoke of her own life, and of the work of the Training House, and of the work of the Indian contingent. She spoke of her own life, and of the work of the Training House, and of the work of the Indian contingent.

Colonel Booth-Clifford, and La-Marche, sang a duet, after which the General spoke. He spoke of his own life, and of the work of the Training House, and of the work of the Indian contingent. He spoke of his own life, and of the work of the Training House, and of the work of the Indian contingent.

The bridegroom was then introduced, and he spoke of his own life, and of the work of the Training House, and of the work of the Indian contingent. He spoke of his own life, and of the work of the Training House, and of the work of the Indian contingent.

Officers and Soldiers from the long list of the band were present, and they spoke of their own life, and of the work of the Training House, and of the work of the Indian contingent. They spoke of their own life, and of the work of the Training House, and of the work of the Indian contingent.

GOOD MORNING!

At seven a voice from the front shouts "Good morning!" and the day begins. The day is a most successful one, and the work of the Training House is a most powerful one. The day is a most successful one, and the work of the Training House is a most powerful one.

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FROM HERE AND THERE.

We regret to hear that although Mrs. Booth's health is improved in some particulars, the present most serious complaint has not entirely abated. It is therefore deemed that all comrades and friends will continue to pray for her complete restoration.

Staff-Capt. Eva Booth was not able to fulfil her Easter engagement at the Congress; nevertheless she is much stronger, and has taken one or two meetings since.

A wonderful time was enjoyed at Glasgow on the occasion of the farewell of Colonel and Mrs. Edmondson from Scotland. Amongst the leaders present were the Chief of Staff, Colonel Clifton, of the 1st Battalion, and Captain.

Colonel Clifton recently visited Paris, and the short time of his stay is described as a season of abundance. Snow, sleet, and rain fell in showers on the outside world; but within the sacred precincts of the hotel and the rooms of the Training House, the warm, fertilizing showers of the grace of God came down on thirty souls, cleansing, softening, and peaking the soil for a rich harvest.

There have been special meetings at Lyons (France) to welcome Major Haley to the Division of which he is a member. Half an hour before the first of his hall was full, and we had to stand outside at least two hundred persons. The surprise of the evening was the distribution of 8 to eleven children. This act was solemnized with the greatest calm, and the whole assembly hung suspended on the lips of the Major, who, after having invited those desiring to be enrolled under the blood-and-fire flag to rise, explained what the Army was, what the S.B. was, and why we were so earnestly engaged in this blood-and-fire work. He said that from this and one soul gave back to God.

Commissioner Tucker writes of Germany as follows:— "I have been in this country since I had never seen in lands where we are here. On Good Friday evening an unusual day and a solemn music brought their happy daughter of sixteen to me, saying that she desired to be an officer and that she wished to give her life for the service. The father has learned, in spite of every opposition, to look upon his little daughter's lives as the richest that can be lived. (Remember, this is the town where Capt. Mily and her Lieutenant dragged their own wives from the front.) What soldiers, what officers we shall raise in Germany by-and-by!"

From Rome, Major Victor writes:— "Turning back to the work in India, Rome, and hundreds of poor creatures are starving and often fall down fainting in the streets. There have been awful bread riots, and the poor, who are starving, have been called out. Our part of the only law is in a perfect state of siege, and occupied by troops at almost every corner. Of course the papers have been full of it, but what was very sad also from our point of view, was the effect it had upon our work. Our lady friends feel those poor things. God help them! We could not help shedding tears on them. A very poor man came to Jesus last Sunday night, and this evening he told us how he was friendless and penniless. He said that the day's proceedings had passed all they had ever had before, and that the Army was ever with you at a higher platform than ever, and its opportunities greater for good than at any former period."

Adjutant Hancock of West Bromwich.

